

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Breathin'"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?  
Tell me, nigga, tell me  
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
Bustin' my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'  
Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
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Catch 'em while they sleepin'  
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[2Pac:]

Woke up with 50 enemies plottin' my death  
All 50 seein' visions of me shot in the chest  
Couldn't rest, nah, nigga, I was stressed  
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie, sleepin' in my vest  
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block; call the cops  
A thug nigga screamin', "Westside!", bustin' double Glockes  
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban  
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb  
Hand on the steerin' wheel, swervin'  
Bless me, Father, I'm a sinner, I'm livin' in hell  
Just let me live on the streets  
'Cause ain't no peace for me in jail  
Gettin' world-wide exposure  
With a bunch of niggas that don't give a fuck  
Ridin' as my soldiers  
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average dealer  
Westside, Outlaw; Bad Boy killer  
Complete my mission, my competition no longer beefin'  
I murdered all them bustas  
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]

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Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

*[Young Noble:]*

Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt  
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin' the Earth  
Outlawz, worldwide, we packed the block  
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac  
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here  
Stale down here, too many jails down here  
Why you act like you don't hear me? Young Noble  
Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me; I'm still breathin'

*[Napoleon:]*

Now, we was raised, "Fuck this life," my wrongs, my rights  
Holdin' on a tight grip, with death in my sight  
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleep walkin' as a true  
Walk around town, with a pound full of bitter food  
Came a long way from my born day  
Dead away where there's war play  
Fuck friends! I'll say, rather die for my A-K  
With these fag ass niggas, see-through-glass ass niggas  
Only-ride-my-dick-and-the-skin-of-my-mash ass niggas

*[2Pac:]*

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*[Kastro:]*

I walk around with a knife in my back  
Talkin' 'bout a bad day; I live a life like that  
It's severe, and I'm losin' my hair, bless a hooligan  
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruined, and  
Breathin' in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me  
I learned to like it like that when I was still in Mommy  
The side of the city that the Devil run from  
In the belly of the beast  
That's where the fuck we come from; and still I'm breathin'!

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this  
Just lost two of my closest na'r, one of y'all can take this  
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain  
We number one, motherfucker, 'bout to do it again  
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it  
Two million every time he drop, I know you fuckers losin' it  
We movin' in, for the kill, for a meal, holdin' steel  
Hold the wheel  
I'm 'bout to give these niggas something they can feel  
Fakin' real, but we the raw and uncut  
Style-bitin' thug lyin' niggas, give it up!  
We hit 'em up

*[E.D.I.:]*

And we still breathin' and we still breathin'...

(Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?)

[2Pac:]

Tell 'em! Nigga, tell 'em! (And we still breathin'...)  
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?

[2Pac:]

Stressed, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason  
To be the last motherfucker breathin'  
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